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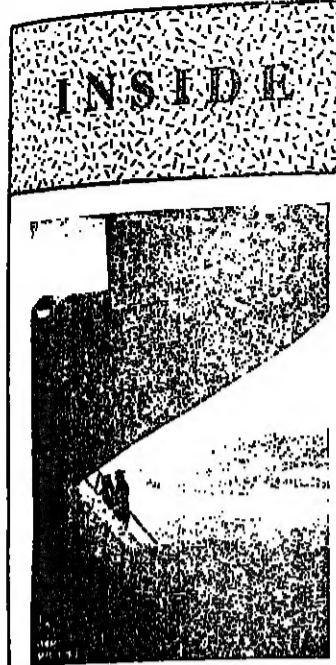
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INSIDE

ON THE COVER — The paralysis which hit El Al this week, when maintenance and other workers at the national airline staged a solid strike, is symbolized in this photo by David Eubinger.

LEA BEN DOH takes a look at public festivities. Page 6. **HOW UNITED IS LABOUR?** Political reporter Mark Segal takes a look at the factional problems affecting the country's dominant political force. Page 6.

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Twin towns gird for elections



Tall minaret towers over park in centre of El-Bireh, where 90 per cent of the 20,000 residents are Moslems. (Photos by Mike Goldberg)

IT is with some relief that we emerge from the concrete jungle that was once Ammunition Hill and French Hill, and find ourselves among the gracious villas of Ramallah-El-Bireh, two of the most attractive towns on the West Bank. Many of these homes have been built by affluent absentees sons of Ramallah settled in the Americas or oil-rich Kuwait, and they have been built, not as housing units, but as dream-homes to which the owners will return some day in happy retirement.

The casual visitor will find it impossible to tell the two towns apart, since the border is a street just after the El-Bireh vegetable market. Ramallah, with 16,000 inhabitants, is predominantly Christian, with 70 per cent of its people attending some of the town's many fine churches; El-Bireh's 20,000 people are 90 per cent Moslem, and its architecture is dominated by a slim, elegant minaret above a great green dome. Parks and restaurants beckon to tourists to relax; smart dress shops offer shapely miniskirt outfits, made in Ramallah, and mass-produced Israeli wares.

The political life of Ramallah is dominated not by political parties, but by extended clans, and we have to wait some time for Mayor Khalil Moussa to return from consultations with members of his clan, Ibrahim, about its attitude to the upcoming municipal elections. Mayor Moussa took over office three years ago after his predecessor, Nadim Zaron, was removed from office and expelled to Jordan for subversive activities.

The mayor tells us that it is highly probable that he will stand for election, together with several members of his present council; negotiations are continuing between the clans. There is no organized opposition that he knows of, although of course there are some people who are dissatisfied with this or that aspect of his administration. "There are always dissatisfied people," he says wryly. "But you couldn't say that there's a party or group or anything like that which is pressing for change."

In these circumstances, Mayor Moussa says frankly that he does not think that there was any need to hold elections. "The people in our area were satisfied with their councils, there was no real demand for elections. But, since the authorities decided to hold them, we are taking an interest in them."

There has been some criticism of the Jordanian law under which the elections are being run, since this gives the franchise only to registered landowners, some 1,500 people out of the town's entire population.

"I don't think that the criticism is valid. This municipal election is quite different from an election to Parliament: the municipalities are concerned only

with the municipal elections duly concluded in Samaria, attention has now shifted to what will take place in the towns of Judea. Philip Gillon and Anan Safadi visited the twin cities of Ramallah and El-Bireh this week, to discuss the elections, the wider political scene, and life in general with Mayor Khalil Moussa of Ramallah, Mayor Abdul-Jawad Saleh of El-Bireh, and Ramallah lawyer-politician Aziz Shehadeh.

with providing services from the money paid by ratepayers. It is true that other citizens benefit from the services, but the people really involved are the ratepayers. Bearing in mind the very restricted powers of the municipalities, the electoral roll makes sense. It would be quite different if the municipalities represented the people in other areas."

Minister of Defence Moshe Dayan said the other night on Israel Television that he looks on the elected mayors as the representatives of the people. Mayor Moussa looks very surprised. "You mean, in political matters?"

Apparently, "I don't agree. We represent only a small segment of the population, the ratepayers, to deal with such matters as sewers, lights, roads, building of schools, parks, development, services. Representatives for political matters would have to be elected in quite a different way, with everyone voting; they might choose somebody else."

What are the main projects on which he and his council are working, and which they will pre-

sumably carry on if re-elected? "Before 1967, we had plans for a sewage project drawn up by experts in Beirut. It was perfectly done, but it was shelved after the War. Now it is out of date, and we have had another plan drawn up by engineering specialists in Israel. We are waiting for this to be approved by the authorities."

Will it be linked to the Jerusalem system in any way? Do they have any links with Jerusalem or Israel? "The sewage plan is a private treatment plan — it will have nothing to do with Jerusalem. We get our water from our own springs. Electricity comes from the Jerusalem Arab electric company, not the Israeli company."

We have many development projects in mind. We had furniture and chocolate industries from before 1967; now we also have new textile factories. We have good clothes here. The big area for development is tourism, which has always been a major source of income for Ramallah. It went down a lot after 1967, but picked up last year, when over 100,000 Arab summer visitors

were allowed to come from neighbouring countries. We hope things will be better this year. "We have the best climate in the region, and Ramallah should be a major tourist centre. We used to get people from America, Europe, the Arab countries — mostly Arab tourists, but others as well. We're planning to build more hotels and more parks to attract visitors."

Has he discussed getting substantial loans from the Ministry of Tourism? "If we need loans, we'll take them. But we deal with the Military Government, not directly with the Minister." Despite the drop in tourism, the town seems very prosperous. "Of course, Ramallah was prosperous before '67, and it is still prosperous. May it always remain so."

Many of the labourers go to Jerusalem to work on construction projects. Are their earnings a factor in Ramallah's prosperity? "With surprising heat he challenges the proposition. "It is true that they bring earnings to spend but we are suffering because we have lost all our building workers to Israel. There is an acute shortage. We can't get workers for municipal projects, and the shortage is handicapping the development of the town. We discussed this with Mr. Dayan, and he said we should pay higher wages than Israel. But even this doesn't help. I spoke to one of the workers who goes to Israel, and asked how much he earned there. He said IL21. I said to him: 'Show me your pay slip.' It did say he earned a gross IL21, but then came deductions, like taxes, bringing it down to IL16. He doesn't pay taxes if he works here. Then I pointed out he pays IL2.60 a

(Continued on page 4)



Surrounded by lovely gardens, the Ramallah city hall looks very much like a resort hotel.



Mayor Abdul-Jawad Saleh of El-Bireh: 'Mayors have no power.'



Aziz Shehadeh: 'Casino would help develop tourism industry.'



Khalil Mousa, Ramallah's Mayor: 'The best city in the region.'

TWIN CITIES

(Continued from page 3)
day for transport. His real earnings are much less than he could get in Ramallah."

"Then why does he insist on going to work in Jerusalem?"

"The Mayor shrugs. 'It is hard to explain about money; he insists that he is getting IL21. Then I think the people like to go to Jerusalem, for change, for excitement. The pressure of work there is probably less demanding, because here everyone knows everybody; he would be ashamed if he did not turn out a good day's work. There he is anonymous and the demands are less. Another thing is that we can give work for two months, three months, at a time, then he has to look elsewhere: there they have big projects which go on for ever, so his job is permanent. But for these benefits he has to travel an hour a day, and he neglects his land and olive trees, which he could look after if he worked near his home.'

"So what's the solution?"

"Israel takes 25,000 workers a day from the West Bank. Let them take only 20,000, 25,000. Then we would have enough people to work."

MAYOR Abdul-Jawad Saleh of El-Bireh is one of the youngest and most dynamic of the West Bank mayors, with an impressive record of achievement during his five years in office. It is with both surprise and regret that we hear that he has decided not to stand for re-election.

"I believe we can learn from the Israeli system of rotation — after four years, General Rabin resigns. So you get new faces. Anybody can be a good mayor; can build schools and roads and sewers and so on. I think I should give somebody else a chance. And I have got my private business, in the building industry, which I have neglected badly for the last five years."

"If there had not been elections, would he have resigned?"

"No, I would have carried on. But, once there are elections, I think I should take a rest."

"Does he approve of the holding of elections?"

"He cogitates this question, and then says: 'This is the first time I am permitting myself to talk to journalists about the elections. I did not approve of holding them. I saw no necessity for them. What's the point? Under the Jordanian law, which was applied, it was inevitable that the same people would be re-elected.'

"No, we are one of the few towns which kept its labour force intact. Immediately after the War, in '47, I started to build a new school. People said I was crazy. So I started to build another school; today we are building a third. We have three new medical supplies factories, and a factory for animal and poultry feed. We built 40 new shops, and are building a commercial centre with 32 shops. El-Bireh is building two testing garages for vehicles. Before '67, we depended entirely on tourism, and of course ours

is a perfect tourist centre, but now we have other things as well. The town is very prosperous.

"One difficulty is that it is impossible to find an apartment. Except the municipality, nobody has built a new place for years. People are afraid to risk IL200,000 on a place that may be blown up, if a tenant or the son of a tenant engages in fedayeen activities. No landlord can control his tenant. So they won't build. This is causing great hardship," he said while noting that five big houses were demolished in town by the authorities.

Turning to broader issues, what does he think of Hussein's federation plan? Is it good or bad?"

He shrugs. "What does it matter what I think? Or if it is a good plan or a bad plan? It all depends on Israel."

"But what would he like to happen? What are his dreams?"

"A man dreams at night. I'm not a politician. Naturally, I would like to see Israel withdrawing, and the people deciding their own destiny. Drink your coffee."

AZIZ Shehadeh, the Ramallah lawyer, was one of the first men to press the concept of a Palestinian entity after the Six Day War. But he remains a man behind the curtains, thus keeping himself away from the potential leadership.

He is not a candidate for the mayorality, and has never been one: he thinks that other men can run municipal affairs as well as he could, and that his political aims are better served in other ways. Nevertheless, he was one of the first men to call for the holding of elections, because he was convinced that this would give the mayors and municipal councils greater authority, since they would have the people behind them. Holding municipal elections in occupied areas, he says, is not a contravention of the Hague Convention, provided the electoral system remains unchanged.

In Ramallah, for instance, only three remain of nine councillors elected at the last election. Obviously, for a mayor to do a proper job, he needs a mandate from the people."

Ramallah is a unique town, he says, because so many of its sons and daughters emigrated to the U.S., Canada, South America, the oil-rich Arab countries. This process of emigration began as far back as World War I; he ascribes it to the high standard of education in Ramallah, where

there is a 90 per cent literacy rate, and to the ambition and energy of its people. "They wanted to better themselves, make money, and then return home. Many of the homes in Ramallah were built by them. They invested heavily in hotels and enterprises, among them the Mount Scopus Hotel in Jerusalem."

He thinks that the incoming mayor of Ramallah, whoever it may be, must press the authorities to allow former Ramallah citizens in foreign countries to return, even though they do not come within the scope of the family project. And Ramallah must become again a major tourist centre.

"For instance, we could be a recreation area for Jerusalem. Jerusalem is dead at night. I would like to see Ramallah running a casino like Beirut does — as a matter of fact, the money is available, a plan has been made. I have even drawn the memorandum and articles of association of a company. But both the Jordanian and Israeli authorities disapprove of gambling, although Jordan allowed it at the Dead Sea Hotel. I don't see why, provided it is properly controlled. Tourists need something to do, apart from looking at Holy Places. If we had a casino, good restaurants, more hotels, swimming pools, we would get the tourists."

Mr. Shehadeh has said that he does not see himself as a suitable candidate for mayor, or, rather, that he does not see municipal affairs as satisfying his political aims. Mr. Dayan has said that he considers the mayors to be the representatives of the West Bank Arabs. Is he not putting himself out of touch with the direction of the West Bank's destiny by not standing as mayor?"

"The mayors can be among those people who should be consulted about the future of the West Bank, but they cannot be regarded as the representatives. They may be among the representatives elected to a National Assembly or Parliament."

"As you know, I have always insisted on the necessity of giving the Palestinians the right of self-determination. I think the Palestinians should have their own state or entity giving them the right of Palestinian citizenship. There can be no other solution to the Middle East problem. Jordan gave certain Palestinians Jordanian citizenship, but

this concession was very ed, and in any case it is the answer. Nor is it any telling us we are part of Arab world — the Arab is not a state, and there is such thing as Arab citizenship. I want to have my own ship, just like the Lebanese the Syrians.

"This does not mean separation from Jordan — favour some sort of federation with Jordan. But what will should be decided by a referendum; the fate of the Palestinian cannot be imposed from above. It has to be decided by the themselves. Naturally, there is no solution to the problem without the agreement of Israel but Israel should want a nation just as much as we do. Bein's plan showed that he was moving towards accepting reality of the Palestinian people."

"What would he do if he were the power?"

"I would hold a referendum among the Palestinians where in the world — not those on the West Bank or the Gaza Strip. They would asked four questions. Do you want complete independence? Federation with Jordan? Federation with Israel? Federation with both? This should be decided by an independent body, like the U.N., or a neutral country like Sweden. I am sure that what the silent majority want is to have Hussein, I would be going forward with a specific plan."

"If I were Golda Meir, I would stop saying: 'Who are the Palestinians?' I would stop placing the most interested party in negotiations. I would recognize the Palestinians as a entity eligible to negotiate their destiny as well as any other State. If Mrs. Meir were to do this, it would throw the ball forward with a specific plan."

"Israel made the same mistake in 1949 at the meeting of the Palestine Conciliation Commission in Lausanne. We had a group representing to the Arabs; I happened to be in the group. Israel refused to go to us. Abba Eban said that ago that Israel could only negotiate with those who can negotiate with us against those who can't. He should negotiate with who can make peace with us. Eliminate the causes of war. Solve the problem and you have peace."

FESTIVITIES

BY LEA BEN-DOR



Purim parades, like this one in 1959, are now a thing of the past.

SHOPS are open on Holocaust day, but empty of customers. I went into a small stationer's to buy a pen. A very pale young woman, orthodox, with her hair done up in a pale blue turban, began to serve me absent-mindedly while she talked almost in a whisper to a man with a suitcase full of samples. "Leave my husband alone today. He's angry, I wouldn't make him any breakfast... you know..." But he works hard and has to eat," said the saleswoman. "They worked hard... there, too, and didn't get anything to eat." She could have meant her mother, her father, a whole family. Who would eat? Holocaust day is painfully real and needs no ceremonial.

THE autumn has its festival season, overshadowed by Yom Kippur. Holocaust Day, this year's Day of Atonement, is increasingly shaping the spring festival season, which runs from Passover, through Holocaust Day, Memorial Day for the fallen of Israel's wars, to Independence Day, with the Three-Day march, once a part of Independence Day like the military parades, slipped in where it will miss the Sabbath. This year the Army announced that it had no money to spend on the tent-city, transport and food needed for the 30,000 marchers. When the disappointment felt abroad by marchers who had either been coming for years or had been looking forward to coming at last became a swelling chorus, the government stepped in. The friendships of the march, even when it is rained out like this year, must be worth millions in tourism advertising.

Independence Day budgets have also been cut down sharply, and there is to be entertainment only in border villages and development towns, with a few fireworks elsewhere. What is it people say every year? No "programme" has been found for the national holiday. The founding of the state is scarcely remembered. Families just rush off on picnics. The street dancing has gradually shifted down from the adults to the adolescents and now to 10-year-olds not yet too sophisticated to try a hora in a public square in the sound of those terribly blaring loudspeakers. Maybe they just rush an evening away from home supervision. It seems likely enough that Independence Day will die as anything more than a day on which people need not go to work. Unless they are in one of the trades that flourish on other people's holidays: taxi-drivers, shishlik restaurants and maybe flags and picnics of Herzl, the President, Prime Minister and Chief of Staff of the day, and Moshe Dayan.

THE great Purim parades of just what the Holocaust meant — an attempt to exterminate a people because a larger people could be talked and legislated into a profoundly superstitious fear of it. But we die and are born. The Holocaust decimated the nation, and Israel was ready and prepared at the right moment, to save the remnant. Israel is a small solution for a part of one people, and the Holocaust mentality is a throat and a warning for all racialists, lest viffication of another people lead them down to the road that leads to "final solutions."

WE must mourn the Holocaust, for the Jewish victims who died, and for the generation of Gentiles who could be trapped into such horrors. I knew a few schoolboys who were loyal Nazis in 1932 and who said "You are different. You are not German. We only hate German Jews." They seemed quite ordinary people apart from their swastika badges. Poor scholars, most of them.

The crime was German. Guilt has paralysed many Germans since 1933, and in some senses still does. The survivors should remember and think, and draw their conclusions as to the way life should be lived. They should not also allow mourning to overshadow the great events of the Jews of this century: the creation of the state and its defence, its preservation, and the release of Jews from Bulgaria, Rumania and Poland, and the success of the dramatic struggle of the Soviet Jews for their right to go too.

All this has been the work of the Jews themselves, not an ugly fate imposed from the outside, and we should remember it and celebrate it with a clear conscience. If we have no set forms for celebrating Independence Day, a simple rule of thumb should say that anything is good that brings people together. It was not exactly a delicate gesture to hold a great victory parade right through East Jerusalem on Independence Day in 1967. That was not enough reason to end the parades altogether, for they were occasions when the people met their army, and took pride in it, and families waited for hours to see their son, and even their home neighbours, go by. They were not parades dedicated to the destruction of Egypt or Jordan, but pride in a of the Tel Avivians of old in a mayor who liked to ride in a horse, who headed the first Jewish town.

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Israel Yeshayahu (with Lyova Eliav at left): reputation as a good party man, and plenty of seniority. (Starphoto)

LABOUR: HOW UNITED?

Questions of factional expediency may decide the quiet contest for the Knesset Speakership, writes political reporter MARK SEGAL



Acting speaker Yitzhak Navon: despite moderate view, his Rafi membership hurts his chances.

WHENEVER Labour Party leaders are questioned about the progress of the united Labour Party, they smile cheerfully and dismiss claims that the three former party frameworks — Mapai, Ahdut Ha'avoda and Rafi — are still operative despite the formal merger in 1968.

But some party circles are now asking out loud whether this is the case. The question is not a technical one. The Labour grouping is the dominant political movement in the State of Israel, in its central government and national legislature, as well as in most local authorities; it controls the majority of the mighty General Federation of Labour — not to speak of the World Zionist Organization and its executive bodies. Anything that happens in the Labour Party reverberates through the entire political structure of Israel.

The strength of the Labour Party — like Mapai before it — was that it reflected the national consensus, trimming its sails gradually to the changes sweeping Israeli society. Its consistent success at the polls flowed from public confidence in its leadership and policies. Over two decades the distribution of the vote has remained astonishingly constant, despite the influx of more than a million and a half immigrants and the coming-of-age of sabra voters.

A prime reason is that Israel's dominant political force chose to fill public posts with the best men available and, even during the break with David Ben-Gurion, adhered to his credo of putting country before party in making appointments to high office.

But sections of the Labour Party are now wondering whether this tradition is still as strong as it was.

One straw in the wind is the quiet contest now being conducted over the succession to the post of Knesset Speaker, which fell vacant with the death of Ravev Barkat. Premier Golda Meir, as titular head of the party, has not yet had her say on the matter, and has been quoted as deploring the unseemly haste with which some of her party colleagues rushed into the fray, even before she had finished.

The press reported that Labour Party Secretary-General Israel Yeshayahu would be the candidate of ex-Mapai in the Labour Party, with ex-Rafi backing Acting Speaker Yitzhak Navon.

Mr. Yeshayahu has set in the Speaker's chair while serving as Deputy Speaker, and earned his party's gratitude for his skilful management of the Labour Party's day-to-day affairs and its steering committee last April. Working in his favour are his reputation as a good party man and his seniority, not to mention his scholarly spoken Hebrew. Moreover, the party veterans are said to feel that they owe him something because he was left out of the Cabinet formed in 1969, after one term at the Ministry of Posts.

But although Mr. Navon is the most dovish of the ex-Rafi grouping, his former membership in that defunct party is the main element militating against his election by his own party to the post of Knesset Speaker. Nor is he helped by the fact that both the NRP and Gahal would prefer him to Mr. Yeshayahu.

Both Yeshayahu and Mr. Navon meet Labour's political need to appoint, for a change, someone from the Sephardi or Oriental communities, after an unbroken series of Ashkenazi speakers, well ahead of the 1973 elections. Mr. Yeshayahu was born in Yemen, and his power base was the Yeminite immigrants' departments of Mapai and the Histadrut.

Mr. Navon has the background of a patriotic Jerusalem Sephardi family — his grandfather, Navon Pasha, built the first railway linking Jerusalem to Jaffa. He entered politics after serving as aide to then-Premier David Ben-Gurion. And he enjoys a wide popularity beyond purely political circles, mainly because of his writings on Sephardi subjects. He was the author of such box-office hits as "The Sephardi Orchard" and "Romance of Sephardi" and his trip to Spain, which was cut short by the death of the Speaker, was in connection with research into the Inquisition.

Yet Labour Party politicians at many levels doubt that Mr. Navon will get the post. Two reasons they give are his relative youth (at 49, he is 13 years younger than Mr. Yeshayahu) and his link with Rafi from 1965 to 1968. The latter reason might come as a surprise to those who believed the old party labels had gone, and that the party consensus reflected the blurring of the old concepts — a blurring symbolized by the common policies of Premier Meir, Mr. Dayan and Mr. Gali.

One of the sharpest barbs came from the pen of the influential "Dava" columnist "Hagai" — Haim Guri, the post of the Ahdut Ha'avoda leaders. Mr. Guri explained that his support for Mr. Navon arose from a deep belief that "his deeply rooted Hebrew culture, his fine manners, his wisdom and integrity

combined with his being a man of the world, make him the best choice for Speaker of the Knesset, and Acting Presidency of the State. There is no logical reason to prevent him from continuing in this post until the expiration of the term of the present Knesset, and even beyond."

Mr. Guri went on: "Mr. Navon is not identified in the public mind with the party politicians. As a younger man, his election would indeed serve as a gesture to the younger generation. His election would refute the charge that party factional considerations are a major factor in this choice, and indeed his election would surprise many of us... There is no intention of hurting Mr. Yeshayahu — on the contrary. He was only recently chosen for the important position of Party Secretary-General. It would be an expression of contempt for that post if he were to leave it before having implemented his plans. Under the circumstances his appointment might be interpreted as endorsing the claim that Mapai is seeking to fill the post with its own man at any price... I consider that Yeshayahu, for his part, should reject the pressure of his associates and support Navon."

Haim Guri began this column with a reference to an afternoon newspaper report that the current contest over the Speaker's post was being quoted inside ex-Rafi as justifying the charges raised by Defence Minister Moshe Dayan to the effect that ex-Mapai was pursuing a sectional policy. Unlike ex-Ahdut Ha'avoda, which has the resources of Kibbutz Hameuhad behind it, ex-Rafi has more or less followed the Dayan line of seeking to abandon the old Rafi link. But suddenly there has been a kind of awakening.

Mr. Dayan focused attention on the internal party situation by deploring the way the party was being run. When asked, the perennial question about the premier-ship, he replied: "Mapai will choose the next premier. Mapai does not want me, so your question is irrelevant. That does not mean I wish to opt out of active political life."

This statement galvanized some second-rank Labour politicians into action, the result being a rash of stories planted in the press. These reported a "grand design" — commonly known as the "Gush" — in the event that Prime Minister Meir really decided to retire to her daughter's kibbutz, Revivim, next year.

According to this alleged scheme, Mrs. Meir would head the party list in the 1973 elections,

and who are growing increasingly nervous as the frequency of his premier-ship disclaimers increases.

This was reportedly his reaction when supporters of Mr. Dayan remonstrated at the large number of advertisements placed by Shikun Ovdim and other Histadrut companies in "Ha'olam Haze" during that magazine's recent smear campaign against the Defence Minister. Mr. Sapir was even less happy when he quoted Shalom Cohen's statements in his book on "Ha'olam Haze" to the effect that Mr. Ofer was only too pleased to be able to help such a magazine financially, because it was so close to him ideologically.

IN another reminder of the dark depths just beyond the bright lights of public politics, there has been another spate of stories this week on persons beside the Labour Party who have fortunes to those of Mr. Sapir,

(Continued from Page 6)

uncommissioned intelligence reports on other leading party personages. According to one report, someone high up in the party commissioned a poll on the Defence Minister's popularity from a research institute partly owned by Hebrew University sociologist Gad Yatziv — whose main claim to political fame is that at the last elections he headed the ultra-leftist "Peace List." Mr. Yatziv refused to deny or confirm the claim. (Reports had it that the poll result was suppressed when it showed that Mr. Dayan's popularity was as high as ever.)

Within party circles it is claimed that the pressure mounted on the party leadership to elect Mr. Yeshayahu to the Speaker's post has nothing to do with his personal merits, but is a function of the machine's wish to remove him from party headquarters. Mr. Yeshayahu has apparently not succeeded in winning the confidence of the "Gush," and is even at odds with those who helped elect him, such as Mr. Rabinowitz.

At a recent Saturday evening meeting at the Mayor's home, according to insiders, it was decided to sidestep Mr. Yeshayahu by setting up an advance elections campaign headquarters, with Mr. Ofer in charge. Mr. Ofer is not as popular as Mr. Rabinowitz in the party, but Mr. Ofer's friend, Mr. Arye Eliav, M.K., could be persuaded to return to party headquarters now that he has finished his new book. Lyova Eliav is widely liked even by those who disagree with his super-dovish views — he uses



Mayor Rabinowitz: In rumours 'grand design' he is Finance Minister.

LABOUR

the rapier rather than Mr. Ofer's axe. Then there came increasing mention of Deputy Education Minister Aharon Yadin who, while belonging to the same age group as Mr. Ofer, is closer to Mrs. Meir in matters of policy.

Some Labour Party personalities are still angered over the fact that Mrs. Meir, seeking to blur the old factional labels, brought in Ahdut Ha'avoda's Yitzhak Ben-Aharon as Histadrut Secretary-General, who has not followed the party line, nor scored any great success for the Histadrut.

Thus they will never allow any other posts out of their hands — which is why Mr. Yeshayahu is being preferred over Mr. Navon for the Speaker's seat. (However, another party source said that if the opposition of the other Knesset parties threatened to reduce the majority to the Labour Party might instead put forward another ex-Mapai veteran — Agriculture Minister Haim Gvati.) That is why, it is explained, Mr. Moshe Carmel of ex-Ahdut Ha'avoda was never even considered as either party Secretary-General or Knesset Speaker.

An illustration of long political memories is Mapai itself, which was formed in 1930 by a merger of Hapoel Hatzair and the old



Abraham Ofer: building homes and electoral machines.

such leaders as the late Yosef Aharonowitz, Haim Ariosoroff, Yosef Sprinzak and Levi Eshkol and youngsters such as Pinhas Lavon and Pinhas Sapir.

It was only after "Shah Bet" split off that the former factions began to integrate, with Eshkol — the most activist of his group — replacing Ben-Aharon at the power centre of the Tel Aviv Labour Council. Later the challenge to Ben-Gurion's leadership came from old Hapoel Hatzair men like Sprinzak and Lavon.

A major dilemma facing the ex-Mapai politicians of today is the lack of a suitable reservoir of manpower for the top jobs they wish to preserve exclusively for Mapai. The splits of 1942 (Ahdut Ha'avoda) and 1965 (Rafi) took with them the younger party leadership. Both groups have considerable human resources at their disposal, yet are denied advancement under the present factional set-up. The pre-merger period propelled to the fore younger Mapai men to fill the positions left vacant, which they would otherwise not have reached for a long time.

Worried insiders are asking whether continued penalization of old party labels will not serve to create an explosive situation. A more fundamental concern is the extent to which today's electorate is prepared to accept a political pattern that has its roots in the political disagreements of Labour Zionism in the '20s and '30s. A parallel concern is to what extent the leadership will sense and respond to the undercurrents of a demand for change.

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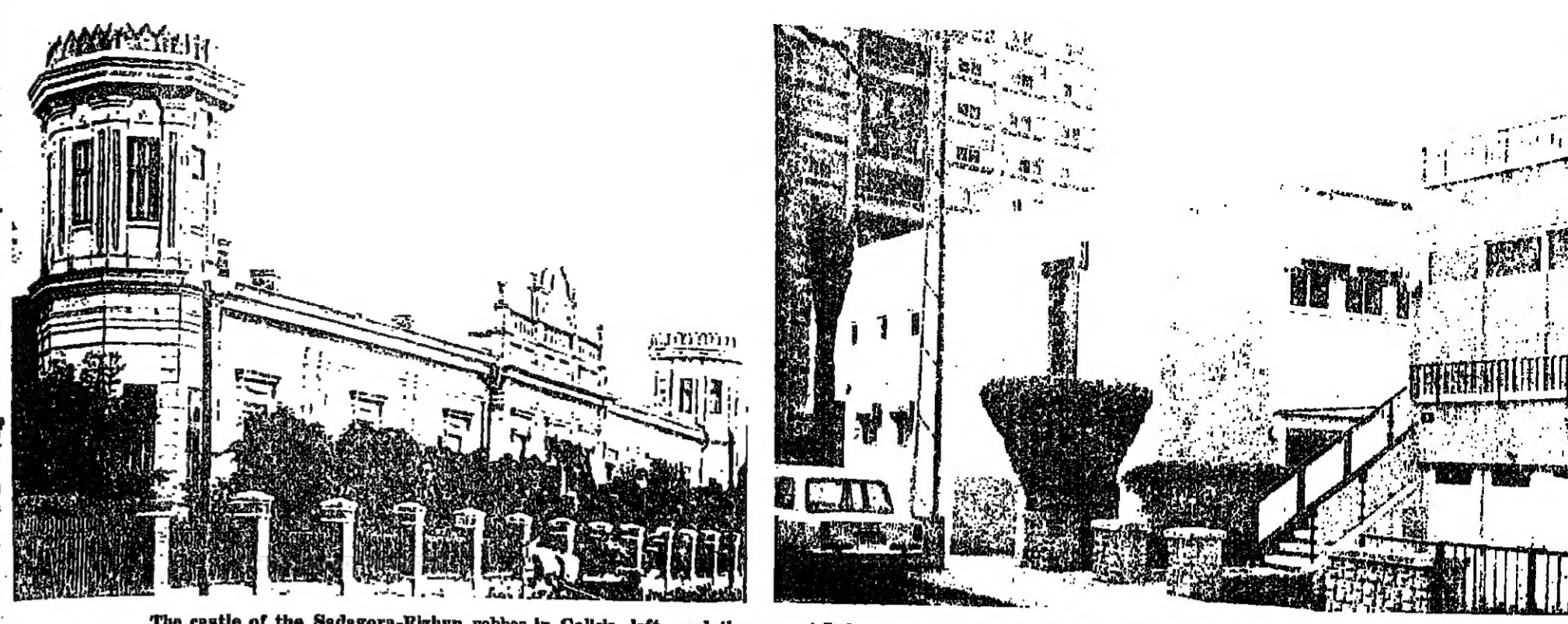
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The castle of the Sadagora-Rizhyn rebbe in Galicia, left, and the current Sadagora Rabbi's modest beit midrash in North Tel Aviv.

The Zionist rebbes of Sadagora

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Herzl's enchantment with the Hasidic Rabbi of Sadagora (a small town in Galicia) had begun at least a year earlier. On June 6, 1896, he made the following note in his diary: "The Wonder Rebbe of Sadagora to be brought over and installed as something like the Bishop of a province. In fact" — here again the optimism which was soon to prove groundless — "win over the entire clergy."

Ten days later, apparently after a visit to the rebbe's castle at Sadagora, Herzl sketched the Jewish State of the future as "...a continuation for the civilized world, which will come to visit us it now visits Lourdes, Mecca, Sadagora. No pressure will be exerted on anyone's conscience... One of the things, perhaps the main thing, that we shall have learned from the civilized nations will be tolerance."



Rabbi Mordechai Friedman in his book-lined study in Tel Aviv.

The Herzl expert at the Zionist Archives was unfamiliar with the word "Sadagora." "Would you spell that please?" he asked Post reporter DAVID LANDAU, who wanted information about Herzl's contacts with the Hassidic Rabbi of Sadagora in the 1890s. Eventually, the archivist found some references to Sadagora in the index of Herzl's diary. The grandson of the Rabbi of Sadagora maintains — and this appears to be backed up by Herzl's diary — that Herzl called on the rebbe several times in 1895 and 1896 and won his support for the Zionist dream. RABBI MORDECHAI FRIEDMAN of Tel Aviv, the present Sadagora rebbe, is proud of his grandfather's support for Zionism. He is concerned, however, by recent extremist trends in Israeli Orthodoxy, as he reveals here.

This year, however, has seen the completion of a new Sadagora centre in Rehov Pinkus, in north Tel Aviv. It comprises a beautifully designed synagogue, a small rabbinical college for married students, and the rebbe's home. The choice of location is another expression of the Sadagora tradition of tolerance and concern for all Jews, not only the Hassidic, nor even only the Orthodox. Rabbi Friedman wants his beit midrash to become a vibrant focal point of religious life in North Tel Aviv.

It was his concern for the wider problems of religion in Israeli society which moved Rabbi Friedman to talk. He is grieved at the wind of extremism which is sweeping through the Orthodox camp, splitting it asunder and deepening still more the gulf between religious and irreligious. "Extremism is a symptom of inner weakness," Rabbi Friedman affirms. He decries the "spirit of Brooklyn" which he says is penetrating the minds of religious youth here as never before.

He told of his experience when he was recently asked to speak at a religious gathering. A rabbi who spoke before him concentrated on "current issues." The rabbi cursed all and sundry and treated State, Government and political parties to reounding condemnation. ("I thought the mitzva is to recite one hundred blessings each day, not 100 curses," Rabbi Friedman mused wryly.) He noticed, he said, the rapt attention of the audience during this tirade. When his turn came to speak,

he devoted his address to a Tora discourse. The audience, all purportedly learned people, were patiently bored and shifted noisily. "The fanatics are not truly Orthodox," says Rabbi Friedman. "They lack any feeling of good will in their attitude to other Jews." In Sadagora we used to shake our heads in an up-and-down motion as we prayed, as if to say yes! Others would sway from side to side in 'no' movement. This 'yes' went for all our dealings with our fellow Jews, no matter how far removed they were from Judaism; you must never say 'no' to a fellow Jew.

Between the Wars, Rabbi Friedman lived in Vienna and took an active part in Aguda politics. He freely admits that he stood on the "left wing" of the party. He said that the late Rabbi of Gur, the Hassidic rabbi with the largest following in pre-War Poland and the effective leader of Polish Orthodoxy, also had "left-wing" views. He supported Jewish settlement in Palestine and was not totally opposed to what the Zionists were doing. This was true also of the Gur Rabbi's brother-in-law, Rabbi Yitzhak Meir Levin, who was the leader of the Aguda Knesset faction and a Minister in the first Israeli Government.

The Ponevezher Rav, Rabbi Yosef Kahaneman, was another member of the pre-War Agudat "Sages' Council" with similar views, but the leading Lithuanian yeshiva heads were more extremist and they carried the day, Rabbi Friedman said.

Now too Rabbi Friedman is a member of Aguda — he would not think of switching to the NRP — although he is sharply critical of his own party. "They don't practise what they preach. They talk and talk about Russian immigrants being denied their religious needs, but they do nothing about it. Why don't they set up their own absorption centres? Religious donors abroad could be urged to insist that their contributions be earmarked for specifically religious immigrants' hostels.

On the question of army service and exemption for yeshiva students Rabbi Friedman had this to say: "The Talmud tells of a certain rabbi who said he never married because he was in love with the Tora. Such people exist in every age, and they exist today too. To make them serve as soldiers and tear them away from the Tora would be wrong. The Tora needs them. Whoever sincerely feels himself in that category must ask for an exemption. As for the others..." He wouldn't say more, but the message was clear.

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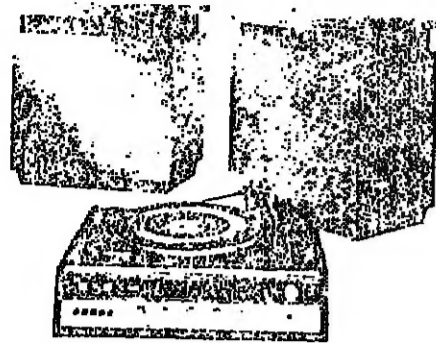
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De Gaulle by de Gaulle Art and the unconscious— a case study of psychosis

THE Charles de Gaulle whom the Jewish world remembers as likely to be the man who in 1967, six months after the Six Day War, called the Jewish People "a little people, self-assured and doleful," the comment elicited widespread consternation in Israel and among world Jewry over those words of the man who had been considered a staunch friend of Israel and the Jews.

But, although de Gaulle most certainly had the opportunity to get a final and more comprehensive word in when he penned this second and final volume of his memoirs, the reader will search in vain for any critical references to the Jewish people in these writings. The memoirs, published originally in 1970, take the reader only up to the early 1960s, and most of the discussion in the latter part of the memoirs focuses on domestic affairs. To understand de Gaulle's remark about the Jews, it is important to take into account the General's evaluation of France's Middle East policy in 1961, turning point in the General's mind for his dealings with the Arab States. In a summing up of French policy on different areas of the world, de Gaulle had this to say about the Middle East:

"In the Middle East, our affairs were initially at the lowest ebb. The Algerian crisis and the Suez affair had shut us out of the Arab world. I naturally intended to reestablish our position in this region, where there had always been an active French presence, especially since the great political and strategic importance of the basins of the Nile, the Euphrates and the Tigris, of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, was now matched by economic power based on oil."

A foretaste
So, from the memoirs we get a foretaste of things to come. Unfortunately for purposes of history and of scholarship, de Gaulle did not complete his memoirs before his death. Still, we are not left completely in the dark about the General's intentions when he made his famous remark about the Jews. For in David Ben-Gurion's recently published "Israel: A Personal History" (N.Y., Funk and Wagnall's with Sabra Books, 882 pp., \$20), we have the full text of de Gaulle's reference to the Jews, and the extraordinary exchange of letters that followed between him and Mr. Ben-Gurion.

In his reply to Mr. Ben-Gurion's lengthy discourse on the obstacles placed in the path of freedom for the Jews, de Gaulle insists that he did not wish to leave the impression that in his statement he had intended any criticism:
"I did not say that in denigration, and no insult is implied in my words. It was just because of these characteristics that the Jewish people could survive and remain as it is after two thousand years of unheard-of conditions."

If de Gaulle's attitudes and policies on the Jews and the Middle East are only briefly mentioned in the volume under review, we do get a feel of the themes which recurred time and again in French foreign policy during his term as President. We are more or less familiar with de Gaulle's famous ego, in which the country and the head of state are somehow mystically transfigured into the same object. But the trouble with these memoirs, as with so many others, is that while the author presents himself as saviour of the nation, his critics go unheard. We know that de Gaulle had little patience for democratic institutions, but his memoirs make it quite clear that he would have been just as happy if none existed at all. Early in his memoirs, he writes: "But, in order that the State should be, as it must be, the

MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE
THE MIDDLE EAST
Translated by Louis D. Brandeis
by Charles de Gaulle
Wendlandt and Nicholson
pp. 1-232

Reviewed by
Robert Slater



Charles de Gaulle and David Ben-Gurion in Paris' Champs Elysees in 1960.

instrument of French unity, of the higher interests of the country, of continuity in national policy, I considered it necessary for the government to derive not from parliament, in other words the parties, but, over and above them, from a leader directly mandated by the nation as a whole and empowered to choose, to decide and to act."

Charles de Gaulle was the only political figure in Europe to dream the dreams of grandeur and glory for his country after World War II. At the same time, however, those dreams posed little threat to France's neighbours. A France rebuilt from the ashes of World War II was one thing, but a France that would dominate Europe, and help to provide the counter-weight to the superpowers of Russia and the U.S., was quite another. It is important to dwell briefly on the basic themes of de Gaulle's memoirs, for it is in fact a far more moderate de Gaulle that we meet in these pages than the one we think we knew.

'Active role'
It is perfectly true that de Gaulle summons France to "play a leading international role" because it "suited her genius." However, he does not speak of France leading Europe, but only that she must play an "active role."

Instead of de Gaulle the imperialist, we find a more artful politician than we might have expected. In the brief but revealing paragraphs devoted to Israel, de Gaulle appears less interested in promoting French interests in the Middle East than in making sure that France retains the high esteem of both the Israelis and the Arabs.

After praising Mr. Ben-Gurion as a "doughty warrior and champ-

ion," de Gaulle asserts that France fully approved of the creation of the Jewish State, even though it had not championed its creation in the beginning. He notes that it was upon the initiative of the Americans, the British and the Russians that Israel was founded in 1948. Even in calling Israel's political existence "justified," de Gaulle said:

"I considered that a great deal of caution was called for in her handling of the Arabs."
If de Gaulle seeks to make sure that he is remembered as a friend of Israel, he wishes to leave an historical record of friendship with the Arabs as well. The Arabs, he asserts, were the victims of the creation of Israel. By sealing up the Jewish State, Israel "had wounded them (the Arabs) in their religion and their pride."

B-G and the borders
Then he says that Mr. Ben-Gurion wished to expand Israel's borders in order to accommodate the four or five million Jews that would eventually settle in Israel. It may well be that Mr. Ben-Gurion discussed the problem of settling this many Jews within the confines of the Jewish State. But it is well known — especially since the Six Day War — that Mr. Ben-Gurion believes that this can and should be done within the pre-1967 borders — except that re-united Jerusalem must remain united.

However much de Gaulle wished to enter centre stage in international life, he realized over and over again that a nation that over-extended itself economically and militarily could hardly expect to have the flexibility to transform itself into a political giant. The case history of Algeria, which preoccupied de Gaulle throughout the third of his memoirs, stands as a reminder of this. Struggle though he did to extricate France from the Algerian quagmire, de Gaulle was aware of the problems of leaving behind a revolutionary segment that would rob the people of their peace and tranquility. But above all, he wanted France out of Algeria, and it is this urgent desire that dominates his writings about the events of the late 1960s and the early 1960s.

Ambiguity
There is a strange ambiguity about de Gaulle's role. As President of France, there was no doubt that he had to personify the national ambitions of his country. To do this, of course, the nation needed an efficient economic machine. Yet, in numerous instances he was willing to leave important economic decisions to the technicians. Thus, we have de Gaulle according to the government's technicians in the matter of forcing labourers back to work. Though he felt it was hard to "force four hundred thousand men to work if they did not agree to do so," he granted the request of his economic advisors that he order the men to return to work in the national interest.

The volume under review gives us some insight into some of de Gaulle's views of the press that had not been generally known. Throughout the book he heaps scorn and contempt on the press.
Altogether, the volume under review gives us a flavour of the man who stamped his mark on history by putting France back on its feet. I say "flavour," because the record stops short, unfortunately, and tells us little, for example, of de Gaulle's efforts to keep British out of the European Economic Community. But despite this shortcoming, it does give us a considerable insight into the author's personality and views.

MILNER'S OF THE LIVING GOD by Marlon Milner
Introduction by Dr. Wm. Ruff
Drawings by Susan London Hogarth
pp. 1-125
Reviewed by Jean Ball Kosloff

THIS book is the case study of a psychotic patient, Susan, presented around discussions of her drawings—a patient who after 16 years of murderous impulses, became able to hold down a job and marry. The introduction is by a well known English psychoanalyst; the approach is scientific, though the book is written in lay language. The book's value to the artistic creator lies in its opening more doors to understanding the creative process itself, the link between the psyche and mythology, the reader's self-understanding and the similarities and dissimilarities between madness and artistic expression.
Before beginning the treatment of her patient, Susan, Marlon Milner had already written on her own unconscious difficulties as a painter in "On Not Being Able to Paint." She also had come to Freudian, or, specifically, Kleinian, understandings of the psyche after first learning from the Jungians and from Elton Mayo, a pioneer in industrial social psychology. Added to this was the creative mind of a warm human being willing to continue her own development through her interaction with her patient. Although "On Not Being Able to Paint" may appear to be a more useful book for the artist, it is less so simply because "The Hands of the Living God" is a later work, incorporating more knowledge and experience.

ed. Her body and psyche at last became integrated and she could detach herself from her analyst to cope in the world on her own. This insistence of Susan on becoming herself and doing what was her own is, of course, a necessity for any person wanting to reach some sort of lasting level in the arts. Milner's delicate recognition of Susan's inner integrity is actually the most impressive part of this volume.
Susan's own solution to the problem of existence was not in artistic endeavour. But the account of her long struggle, in which expression through drawing was a part, adds substantially to our knowledge of the connection between art and the unconscious.
The book's sole shortcoming is its limited exposition of the emotional processes between the patient and the analyst, which finally allowed the cure. Milner states that there was so much material, she left out the usual neurotic manifestations that occur in analyses. As a result, the reader who is not at home in psychoanalytical literature feels that the whole story has not been told, even though so very much more has been told than in the usual case study. It may be, however, that this requires the skills of a novelist; that there is, after all, even in the bringing of the irrational into the rational, a need for art.

Jean Ball Kosloff, who has been living in Israel since 1946, is a trained anthropologist, a poet and a painter.

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Plague on your houses

I WAS so sure that I had stumbled upon the true explanation of something to which no satisfactory reason has ever been given; it seemed so obvious, but alas it appears that I was wrong.

The portion of this week deals with the loathsome disease which is known as Biblical leprosy, and its prevention and cure. But in addition to the details of the disease affecting human beings, the Bible treats of leprosy of garments (Lev. 13:47-59) and houses (14:33-53), and no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the nature of this spreading disease which affected the walls of a house.

As I have pointed out before, the stages of the development of agricultural settlement in what was overwhelmingly the hilly and mountainous areas of the Land of Israel by Joshua was the cutting down of the virgin forest which covered the hill country, the clearing of the land of the stumps and stones, and the terracing of the slopes of the mountains.

To that however, one of my regular correspondents, Dr. Eva Danellus, made an interesting addition. In an article "The Boundary of Ephraim



and Mannasch in the Western Plain" which appeared in the Palestine Exploration Quarterly (1957-58), which she was good enough to send me, she wrote: "By clearing the woodlands as Joshua told them, timber was provided from which huts and houses could be built, as is done by new settlers all over the world, wherever this raw material is available." As to the complete lack of evidence of such building 3,000 years ago, she comments with justice, "Wood does not keep for thousands of years in the humid climate of the Sharon Plain or Mt. Ephraim. Therefore, hope is slim of ever excavating an entire Israelite settlement from the period of Joshua or the Judges."

When I read this, I thought I had found the answer to the leprosy of the houses. "Of course," I said to myself, "it is so obvious. The leprosy of houses was some kind of dry rot which affected those wooden houses. Does not the Biblical account open with the words, 'When ye come into the land of Canaan which I give to you for a possession. And I put a plague of leprosy in a house of the land of your possession?' — and these houses were of wood!"

Alas, a reading of the chapter does not support this "obvious" explanation. The account refers explicitly to "the stones in which the plague is" (v. 40) "and they shall take other stones" (v. 42), "after the stones have been taken out" (v. 43). That the houses referred to were of stone, and that it was the stone that was affected seems clear. And yet, in one verse, if in one verse only, the timber of the house is mentioned, "and he shall break down the house, the stones of it, and the timber thereof" (v. 45).

L.I. RABINOWITZ

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Memorial Day 1972

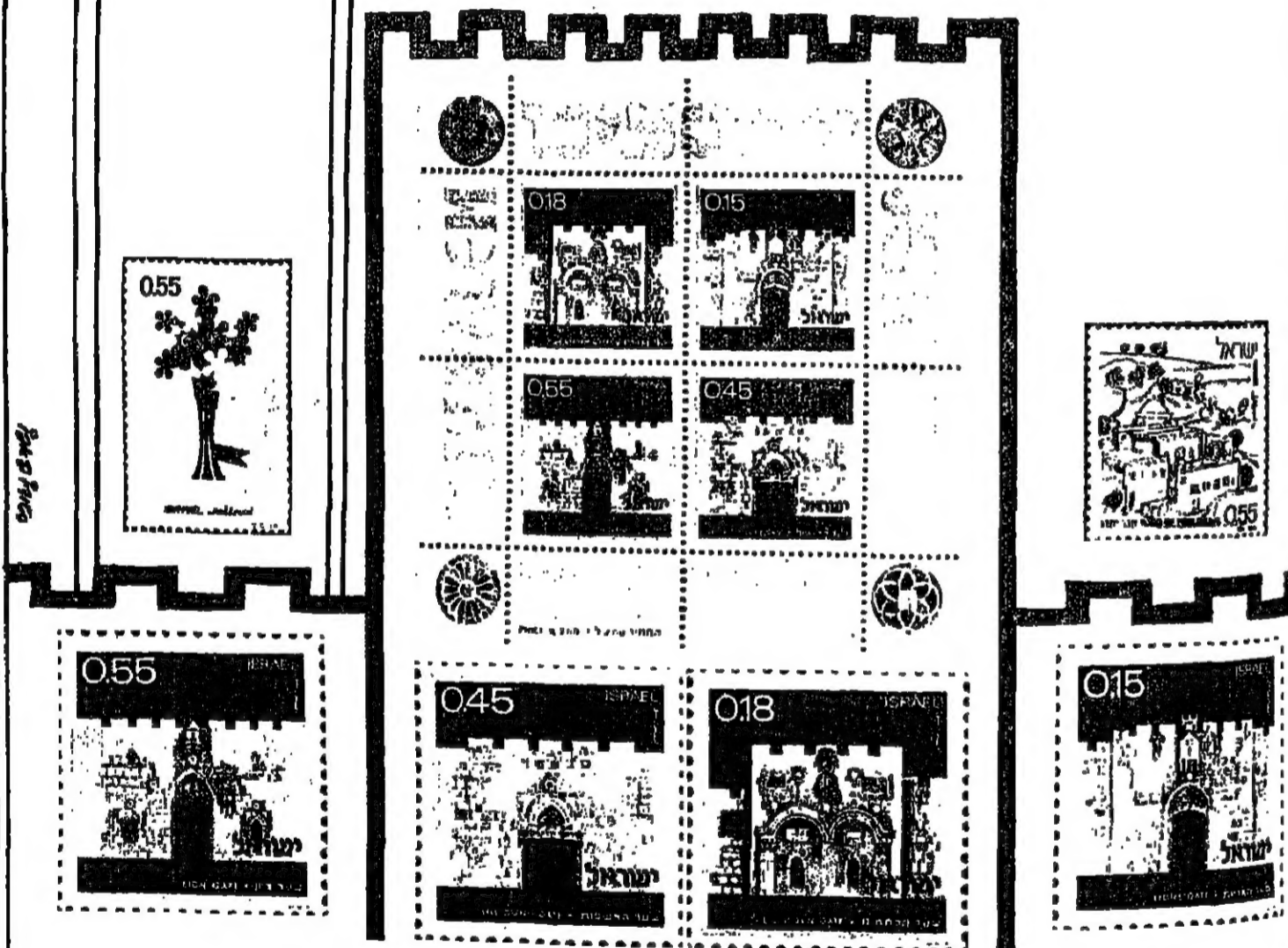
Independence Day 1972

("Gates of Jerusalem" Part II) and Souvenir Sheet

Jethro's Tomb (Nebi Shuaib)

Day of Issue

April 17, 1972



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Rows of granite columns lie broken along one of the streets. The town was also called Hippos in Greek.



City wall and watchtower of the town of Susita, called Hippos in Greek.



Plinths, capitals and columns are scattered around the site.

THE GRANDEUR OF SUSITA'S RUINS

ABOVE Kibbutz Ein Gev, on the eastern shore of Lake Kinneret lie the ruins of Susita. Once a proud city of the Decapolis — a league of ten Graeco-Roman towns — it was situated on the summit of the steep, saddle-shaped, 360-metre-high mountain shading Ein Gev. Known in Greek as Hippos, a horse — a direct translation of its Hebrew name, Susita — it exudes even today, nearly 14 centuries after its destruction, an atmosphere of luxury and grandeur.

Starting out from Ein Gev in the cool of the morning, you soon see the footpath to Susita spiraling up the hill. Wear a protective sun-hat and sun-glasses, and take a water bottle, for the climb is quite a stiff one.

After ascending steadily for about half an hour, during which you can enjoy an increasingly beautiful view of the lake and its opposite shore, you begin to notice thinly-scattered shards on the ground. Soon you observe remains of the city walls and watch-towers, which become larger and more imposing as you approach the hill crest. Eventually about three-quarters of an hour after leaving Ein Gev, you find yourself treading on the solid, black-cobbled Roman road leading up to Hippos' broad western gate.

High street

Diagrams in several textbooks show this track, called the Roman Cardo, or High Street, of the ancient city, passing through the gate, curving right and then continuing in a straight line to the eastern gate. According to the diagrams, there are three churches to the left of the Cardo,

and a nymphaeum — a temple to the pagan water nymphs — to its right. Cisterns, a bath-house and a Byzantine basilica are also marked.

The heavy hand of time, earthquakes, the passage of invading armies, and the archaeologist's spade have all taken their toll, although what is left is still tremendously impressive. As you pick your way over mounds of huge basalt ashlar and finely worked stones, over plinths and capitals, and granite and marble pillars of incredible dimensions, you can readily visualize the lovely city this must once have been.

Additional evidence comes from the elaborate rock tombs, said to be similar to those of Beit Shearim, which were found on the eastern slope of the hill of Susita. At present, access to them is forbidden; this was a border post between 1948 and 1967, and there may be unexploded mines in the area.

Most of the ruins on Susita are difficult to identify, particularly for laymen. The heaps of stones to the left of the Cardo are overgrown with weeds and scrub. On the right, remains of a large, black basalt structure with a semi-circular niche pointing to the west may have been the nymphaeum.

Beyond it is a clearly-distinguishable complex consisting of a 25-metre-long baptistry and a marble-paved basilica. Grand in scale, the basilica is 40 metres long and had two rows of nine columns each dividing it into a nave and two side aisles. You can still see the parallel rows of elegant pink, grey and white pilasters lying where they fell long ago.

The baptistry was especially

lovely and had a fine mosaic floor. The sunken font can be seen in front of the apse, and bordering it is a Greek mosaic inscription, of which there were several in various parts of the pavement.

This one tells that the church was the gift of an unknown benefactor who built it in honour of the saints Cosmos and Demetrios. Christian folklore refers to these two as saintly twin brothers born in Arabia in the late third or early fourth century C.E. Physicians by profession, they were said to have cared for the sick free of charge, to have adopted the Christian faith, and to have been martyred by Diocletian. They seem to have caught the imagination of Palestinian Christians, for a number of churches were built in their memory in this part of the world in the fifth century.

The Strong Hill

What is the story of this strange place, now wild and desolate, perched high above Ein Gev and the peaceful Sea of Galilee? Archaeologists have unraveled part of its history by digging on the mound called Tel al-Huan — the Strong Hill. The first investigator was G. Schumacher who, in the 1880s, especially noted the nymphaeum.

Some remarkable discoveries were made in 1961 on a dig at the foot of Susita-Hippos, adjoining Ein Gev. Archaeologists found signs of a considerable settlement dating from the fifth century to the second centuries B.C.E. From these finds, the theory was broached that this was the site of the ancient Jewish town of Susita, and that on its decline, a Greek Town of the same name

was founded nearby, but on a hill for easier protection.

It is possible that the two settlements may have co-existed. Some say that Hippos on its hill-top site was founded as early as the fourth century B.C.E., following Alexander the Great's conquest of the country. Few signs of this early period were discovered, but later remains show that Hippos, although small, was one of the best fortified of the inland cities. It was an important station on the Via Patris — the Way of the Fathers — the main caravan route north to Damascus.

Susita-Hippos began to develop after its capture by the Hasmonean king, Alexander Yannai, around 100 B.C.E. (the lower settlement had already been abandoned). One of the factors limiting its growth was the absence of a fresh-water spring. This meant that all water had to be stored in cisterns or brought up from the lake. Remnants of a cleverly-constructed aqueduct dating from this or a later era have revealed how this difficulty was overcome. Made up of black basalt stone sections, the aqueduct piped in water from the springs at Fik, 2 km. to the east and somewhat higher up, and in this way a constant water supply was maintained.

In 63 B.C.E., the Roman general, Pompey, took the town from Jewish rule and made it into one of the Greek cities of the Decapolis, the others being Damascus, Beisan (Sythopolis), Della, Dion, Gerassa, Amman (Philadelphia), Gadara, Raphana and Kanatha — all of them except Beisan east of the Jordan.

Josephus Flavius tells in his "Antiquities of the Jews," book XV, ch. 7, v. 3, how "Herod for easier protection, was introduced to Caesar... who added to his kingdom Gadara, Hippos and Samaria; and besides those, the maritime cities, Gaza, Joppa and Strato's Tower. Thus Hippos was annexed to the territories of Herod the Great, and on his death it became a Syrian province. Talmudic sources relate that many Jews lived in its surrounding villages, and although there were strong commercial ties between it and the Jewish town of Tiberias on the opposite side of the Sea of Galilee, relations between the two settlements were strained, sometimes to the extent of local rioting.

Byzantine glory

During Byzantine times — from the late fourth to the early seventh centuries — Susita-Hippos reached its architectural apogee. Good paved roads; gates; walls and watch-towers; plastered cisterns and efficient aqueducts, all in use at this period have been discovered, as well as the remains of at least four grand basilicas, baths and public buildings.

Hippos was one of the many towns overrun by the Moslem invaders in 636 C.E. Its beautiful buildings were destroyed, and the few that were left standing succumbed to an earthquake that ravaged the area. From then on, only a few isolated houses arose among the ruins which, in the War of Independence of 1948, became a point of extreme strategic importance. In July of that year, the Israel Defence forces, together with members of Kibbutz Ein Gev, took over the ancient hill-top citadel of Susita-Hippos.



Photos: Shalom Bar-Tal (Israel Staff)

Shopper examines an 78 rpm record, as hawkler watches with feigned disinterest.

Shopper sifts through pile of old garments, which are strewn around with little semblance of order.

Sad days at the flea market

ending and polishing old shoes. With a sparkling shine, the footwear may catch the eye of a bargain-hunter.

LD nylon stockings with holes in them. A half deck of worn-out playing cards. A rusty tin all. An olive wood crucifix of recent manufacture with the word Nazareth stamped across it in Greek letters. A Beduin rug. Bleached sheepskins. Discarded fluffy orlon scraps. Plastic replicas of Michelangelo's "David," a "500-year-old" antique that left the factory not more than a month ago. If you want to buy any of these items, do your shopping at Jaffa's flea market.

The market spreads over narrow side alleys, off Eshel Zion not far from Jaffa's Clock Tower. It is a noisy blend of the European ghetto market, the Oriental bazaar, the *suq* of the North African *medina*, with the added flavour of a modern-day tourist trap.

Wholesalers deliver their cheap, second-hand merchandise on trucks, competing for clientele and space with the push-carts and horse-drawn buggies of the *alte zachen* man. The shoppers range from derelict beggars, needy home-makers, and Arabs from Gaza, Judea and Samaria to fashionable young Tel Aviv housewives. Ben Yehuda Street boutique owners and wide-eyed tourists. The retailers claim there is a flea to be found in the area.

There are two distinct markets. As the visitor strolls in from the main street, he enters a shabby looking area where the *alte zachen* men unload their wares. The sidewalks are filled with pitiful dusty and torn goods. The curio-seekers hurry by those who stop here are not looking for an unusual piece of jewellery or an ornamental brass lamp. They shop for necessities. Here you can buy sweaters for IL3 and a perfectly serviceable pair of leather boots for IL18. Customers bargain heatedly over 20 agora. Those who can't afford high-priced household appliances can find heavy, wringer-style washing machines and huge old console radios. A little further on the target of the tourists, managers and young women is a small alley, which lives for the absence of steps, is similar to the faded market lanes in Jerusalem's Old City. Municipal workers are installing fibre-glass roofs for old apartments. Identical colourful trinkets, mirrors and brassy-smiling salesmen whose rudimentary English is Persian or Turkish accented, are the fibre-glass roofs will fit right to the atmosphere here. This is where a shopkeeper will swear that his God-fearing grandfather is a ritual utensil and hammered by his "God-fearing, great, great, great-grandfather, in Tangiers" and offer it to you for the bargain price of IL120.

The first market is a sad place — a place of frustration, disappointment and heartbreak for the many vendors in whom the customs of a bygone era of old ghetto markets still linger. The peddlers' wares, many of them old, faded, straw-filled, matted, and torn, that the flea market is gone for good. The fibre-glass roof represents the affluent city's symbol of progress. It is a sign of the future, but it does not work without even talking

to a customer," says Mr. Yankowitz, eyeing the alley from behind his second-hand clothes counter. His wife sits nearby mending pants that are "a little ripped" and lacking buttons. "Nobody wants old clothes any more," he complains. "It used to be different. When I first came here 17 years ago, poor working people used to get their suits and coats here. About 12 years ago things began to change. People became rich. They live a life of luxury — all of a sudden only new clothes are good enough for them. I read in the papers that prices are high, that they have economic problems. Nonsense. If things are so bad, why don't people shop here?" he asks, unconsciously switching to Yiddish. "If not for the National Insurance pension, we would starve," he says.

'Nobody wants old clothes any more,' one of the vendors at the flea market in Jaffa told Post reporter SARAH HONIG this week, complaining that business has slumped badly since the Six Day War. Still the merchants — who sell everything from brand-new 'antiques' to worn-out clothes — keep a watchful eye out for the tax man.

Here the only people who do well are those who sell souvenirs and antiques. Mr. Yankowitz says, and his wife points to the roof going up overhead. "This is the tourists' market. To attract tourists, it won't do us a bit of good, but we had to pay IL750 for it and nobody even asked us if we want it." Not far away sits another Yiddish-speaking immigrant from Rumania who mends and polishes old shoes till they emerge looking almost new. A high school boy examines boots for Gadsna training and goes off. The vendor says that his profit on a pair of shoes ranges from 50 agora to one pound. "Sometimes I make two pounds profit a day, sometimes nothing. Sometimes when it's cold and rainy, I close up altogether. No one's coming. But I've been doing this all my life and I'm too old to change now. Even though I can hardly buy food with the money I make here. Sometimes tourists stop and chat with me, but they don't need old shoes. They buy antiques." But antique dealers also complain that things

aren't what they used to be. Their fond memories of austerity some 20 years back: they still dream of the pre-Six Day War days, "when we didn't have competition from the Arabs in Jerusalem. They sell the same stuff as we do, but lots of people prefer to buy there. They think the Arabs sell cheaper. That's not true. Besides, there's no tourist who doesn't go to Jerusalem, but they don't all come to Jaffa," one Persian-born merchant said. Things can't be all that bad, though, for whenever I went around the market, I was suspected of being a spy for the income tax authorities. "Business must be booming if you are so concerned about the tax men," I said to one merchant. "No," he claimed, "business is falling, but they never believe us and are always snooping around." This section of the market is probably one of the few places in the country where you can hear that Israelis have more Westernized consumer habits than their American or English cousins. "I have Israelis and tourists browsing here," a shopkeeper tells me. "but I'll give you five tourists for one Israeli. Our Israelis don't bargain so much and they have an idea of what something is worth. With the tourists it's terrible. Their guides coach them and teach them to bargain. They see something I paid IL100 for and offer me IL5. They nag for hours and then leave without buying. They visit 20 shops before they make up their minds and they always want something 'historical.' Israelis generally want something ornamental.

"Almost everything I have here is new," he admits, twisting his mustache. "Even what is old isn't really so old, but the tourists want antiques and that's what they get. What they don't know doesn't hurt them." He gets a lot of stuff from new immigrants, mostly from Iran and Turkey. "The Indians also bring nice stuff, but we aren't so happy with the Russians. They come with nothing, although sometimes we get a samovar or things china. Arabs from the area also bring things and hippies sell us stuff, too. Still, business isn't what it used to be before the war," he says.

But the war also brought a new class of clients. Out of a car with Nablus licence plates emerges a family come to do a day's shopping in the big city. Marching ahead of everyone, with measured, purposeful steps is the father, and barely keeping up with him is a grown son. Several paces behind stops in front of one stand and bargains for a woman's sweater. The women stand behind, silent. At the other end of the alley, a tourist attired in a sleeveless shocking-pink dress marches in gingerly, urging her husband to follow. They stop at a souvenir stand and are offered a picture of Herzl, the kid sold for a few agora every Independence Day, but mounted in an antique-looking frame. According to the vendor, "the picture has been in the family for 200 years. It's a family treasure. If I didn't need the money, I wouldn't part with it."



When business is slow, it's time for a talk.



Old clothes are sold despite high prices and few buyers.



Tourists frequent souvenir and antique shops in the new section of the market, but often spend most of their time bargaining with the proprietors.

POOL-ITICS

By Ephraim Kishon

THE government's economic policy may not have boosted productivity all along the line, but it has proved itself completely successful in at least one field — the football pool, whose countrywide output closely approaches that of the National Lottery. Naturally there is a world of difference between the two institutions: while the lottery is based on plain stupid luck, the pool is a test of a person's skill in the sports, because the little players must give proof of above-average familiarity with the workings of the National League. The procedure is very simple: you buy a form at one of the pool counters, and in the throes of Messianic clairvoyance forecast the result of next Saturday's games. You write "1" if the home team is your pick, or "X" for a draw, pay 30 agora, then on Saturday leave the radio on all day, note with deep satisfaction that you have 12 correct guesses and win IL162,630.00, kindly bring a couple of baskets along.

"Go," the wife said, "make a bundle at the pools." This sounds easy enough. But it should be pointed out that personally we are not much of an expert at football. In view of these circumstances, we appealed to Uri, who never misses a match, and requested his help in filling out our form. "The new forward of Hadera Hapoel sprained his ankle last week against Haifa," he mused, "so I'd guess a draw against Maccabi Jaffa. On the other hand, Beersheva Hapoel has a good chance of beating Jerusalem Beter, because they are better on a muddy field."

And so on. We wrote it all down, spellbound by Uri's know-how, handed in our form and waited impatiently for Saturday. Then we found that we had a single correct guess, and even that was a writing error of mine. In other words we had wasted 30 good agora on that idiot. An Eliat housewife had scored 12 correct guesses.

"You are really silly," people informed us. "Every babe-in-arms knows that the experts never win at the pools..."

Size method
"We learned that there are a few proven methods for guessing, such as the size test, according to which the largest club always wins, that is Tel Aviv beats Haifa, Haifa Netanyahu, Netanya Caesarea and Caesarea Givat Brenner. Then there is a home-ground method, according to which it is a team playing at home which always wins. The Beter method is not bad either. According to it, Beter teams always lose. But best of all is not to understand a damn thing about soccer. Why hide a person or two who have never even heard of the game (an old crone, a three-year old kid, an Israeli politician), and fill out the forms only according to their advice. I felt like bashing my head against the wall. What a lovely ignoramus I had been only a month ago! I hadn't known anything at all about football. I could easily have made 12 good guesses! But like a fool I studied the games in the sweat of my brow and now, the dog picked up his ears and says I can no longer keep an open mind while writing down the 1-2-X."

"So what are you waiting for?" the little one scolded me. "Let's look for some morons!" "We started looking for fresh talent all over the neighborhood, but found by now all had sponsors. In their feverish search for football innocents, the wily old foxes had even hired an old Beduin woman in the Sinai desert. The trouble is that the tyro guesses correctly once or twice, as long as he is completely untried. Then he too starts taking an interest in who won and who lost, and quickly forfeits his ability."

Take Amir, for instance. The idea occurred to my wife last month, when a kid aged eight in a village near Jerusalem won IL131,517. We seated him on his potty and I started reading out the games. "Jerusalem Hapoel vs. Hapoel Eliat, what's nicer?" "Eliat..."

"Sdom Maccabi vs. Haifa Beter?" "Betty." "That week we won IL172, with eight correct guesses. The following week Amir made us IL92. And then what do you think happened? The third week the young oracle suddenly called out: 'Daddy, Shimon are champions, aren't they?' In other words, he knew the ropes. They had spoiled him in kindergarten. I am sure. He made just three correct guesses. The little one's glance swept across the fence into the neighbour's yard. There was Jimmy, their out-sized watchdog scratching his belly. The method I worked out was simply myself: Jimmy lapped up the soup I had brewed him as bait, and I queried him about the week's games. If he raised his head it was "1." If he smacked his lips it was "2." No reaction, "X"...

Only one miss
"We won IL524. Jimmy guessed all scores with computer-like precision (except for the Tiberias game, which he botched up for some reason or other) and he would surely have enriched us had not others as well been exceptional-lucky that week. In any case, we saw in Jimmy a unique opportunity for obtaining economic independence. My wife cooked him special soups, we even bought him choice tidbits. And then what? Jimmy was stretched out in a trance next to the brimming plate, while I was registering his guesses. When I suddenly felt a shiver running down my spine. "Woman," I whispered, "Yes, there was no doubt about it. Everytime I said 'Hapoel' the dog picked up his ears and wrinkled his nose. He was beginning to get the hang of things. Everything was lost. Finished. We did not even submit the form. As of now we are going back to the lottery. Translated by Yehonatan Goldsmid. By arrangement with Jla-ari."





THE KOLLEKS AND THE CUB

Mrs. Teddy Kullek, wife of Jerusalem's mayor, and her 12-year-old daughter Osnat (at left) visited Lion Country Safari, the 500-acre African wildlife preserve in California, during a West Coast tour last week. Here they fondle one of the preserve's many lion cubs. Also shown is Ruth Gale-Eger, 18, of Beverly Hills, daughter of Louis Gale-Eger, deputy director of the Israel Government Tourism office in Los Angeles. The Israeli visitors were escorted by Mrs. Boris Young, whose husband heads the Los Angeles Committee for State of Israel Bonds.



The hippies return to Amsterdam

By Henriette Boas

ACCORDING to the calendar, although not according to the Dutch weather, spring has arrived in Holland. And during Easter, hundreds of hippies have once again found their way to Amsterdam, the recent "Newsweek" forecast, will become an avalanche of one million, on which tour operators can lay their hands for the purpose.

National Tourist Office in New York has helped to boost this image with a coast-to-coast live programme, a special supplement of the "New York Times," and articles in scores of local and regional papers, and in the so-called underground press. It seems that the only limit to the number of places where they are attracted by the fame of Amsterdam as a 'magic centre,' a city of hospitality and of tolerance, where everything is allowed, including "sleep-ins" in the open and the use of drugs. The Netherlands

Amsterdam itself—both its citizens and the Municipality—are very seriously worried about this new torrent of hippies. Even if it only reaches one-tenth of the "Newsweek" estimate of a million, this will be twice as many as the 50,000 who caused enough trouble last summer. In 1971, the number of thefts reported to the police was 40 per cent more than in 1970 and the reported increased tenfold (in Holland incidentally, it is not compulsory to report cases of V.D.). Even the hippie season had hardly started,

THE Amsterdam Municipality has been seriously considering a complete ban on sleeping in the city's Vondelpark this summer. But a proposal to this effect was rejected by the Municipal Council in the last week of March by 27 votes to 18, and compromise was reached by which sleeping will be banned in about one-third of the park. One reason for this compromise decision was that it was felt it was already much too late in the year to forbid sleeping in the Vondelpark altogether, as many of the "Vondelpark-sleepers" were already on their way to Amsterdam or had made definite plans—in so far as hippies ever make definite plans. Some councilors did not want Amsterdam to lose its centuries-old tradition as a city always hospitable to foreigners. The Municipal Council further decided, though the Municipality is already broke, to vote a sum of over FL1,124,500 for facilities for "youth tourism" in the Vondelpark this summer, compared with FL97,500 in 1970 and FL650,000 in 1971.

From door to door with Beged Or! No schlepping... no customs headaches. We do it all as part of our service. All that at no extra charge. And would you believe?... All this in addition to the special 30% tourists' reduction! Too good to be true? That's what they say about Beged Or garments too! touch it, then wear it at home.... 10 - noon 8 - midnight 15 Simtat Mazal Dagim Old Jaffo/Tel Aviv

By Rochelle Furstenberg

Special to The Jerusalem Post. THE spectre of narcotics addiction throws long shadows on the American scene. From the polite signs in the windows of Berkeley stores, "Heroin Pushers Are Not Welcome" to the rise in petty thievery, burglary, and senseless murders, the dope addict is frequently held responsible for the fears and irrationalities that stalk the American streets.

It is estimated that there are 150,000 addicts of opium and its offspring, heroin, morphine and codeine, in New York City alone, perhaps another 150,000 in the rest of the country. One finds it impossible to turn on the television set or read a newspaper without coming across a reference to dope addiction. It is well known that this is no longer just a black ghetto problem but reaches out to the high schools in suburbia and to whole companies of American soldiers in Vietnam.

Curious to meet some of the addicts as well as to learn about the way out of addiction, I looked in on the Berkeley Methadone Maintenance programme. It was hard to believe that the very ordinary-looking people sitting around in groups talking in the stungled house behind the Berkeley hospital—the mothers with their infants, the well-dressed moustached fellow, the sweet-faced freshman—were the feared and hated junkies of the American street. But some, not a week before had been peddling heroin and shooting it into their own veins. Now they were sitting around having rap sessions.

Staying clean

Wasted energy

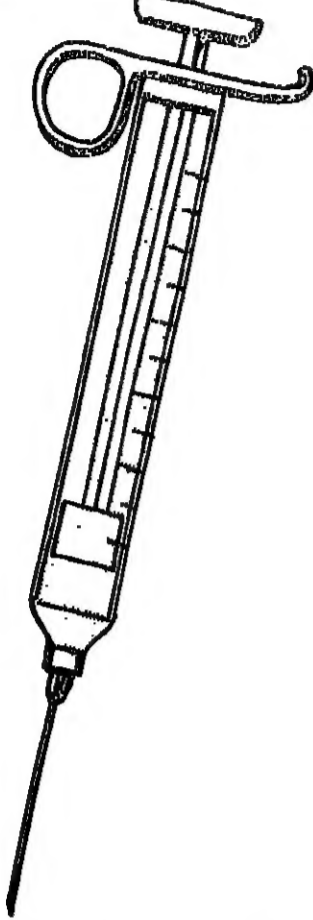
"I came to the Methadone programme," one lively black man explained, "because I had a desire to learn and all my energies were being spent on shooting dope. I even got a scholarship to go to law school. I couldn't stay on heroin and study. You see, I didn't come here because of the system but because of me."

"But if it's so depersonalising then why does anyone start in on heroin? Is it out of desperation?" I asked Walter Byrd, the soft-spoken black director of the Berkeley programme, who himself had been addicted for twenty years and had been in and out of jail many times. "Most addicts don't start heroin out of desperation," he objected. "On the contrary, they begin with great confidence, even cockiness, that they're stronger than the drug. There's a daring and excitement that they're going to outsmart society. They get drawn into the drug-culture which gives them a sense of belonging to a glamorous group that flaunts the rest of society. But eventually they get tired of the whole game and come seeking the rapy. Some come in just to rest for a while before going back to the street. We prefer to take those who have been on heroin for a while and are really tired of it and ready for a change."

But building an alternative lifestyle for an addict is a difficult job. Just one chance meeting with an old friend on the street and he could slip back into the old habit. The therapy programme tries to get him into something, a job, school, activities at the methadone centre, something that will give him a sense of purpose and keep him busy. "Our people must be kept busy," Mr. Byrd said. "Don't forget they're used to hustling dope 24 hours a day."

But for most, a turning away from drugs does not mean a return to a "square" way of life. Their alienation from society and the desire to differentiate themselves from it, which brought many to drugs in the first place, is reflected in their remarks about returning to jobs and school. The therapy programme then must not only take the addict away from drugs and give him an alternative to the drug culture. It must also give him an alternative to the "square culture" for which he frequently has contempt. "Social and spiritual activism, I mean filling your life up with

meaning, that's the best way of keeping clean," a large impressive black man named Chuck Hall declared. Chuck, who is editor of the Methadone Centre newsletter, hopes eventually to organize his own rehabilitation programme. "I envision something that transcends drugs, that will start with Methadone maintenance, because total abstinence is just too hard, and then build a whole social thing out of it."



near each other and ate together, living off stale bread and peanut butter. But Chuck Dederich, the charismatic center of the group was also a master organizer. He saw the potential of the group and incorporated it, allowing it to get donations and eventually to buy a house in Santa Monica, much to the dismay of the neighbours.

Central to the whole concept of this community was the totally honest group discussion, the synanon, (a name created by a confused newcomer stammering seminar and-synopostum together) where anyone could verbally attack or be attacked, the only rule being that physical violence was not allowed. More and more addicts were attracted to the group and the methods of attack were refined according to what seemed to be most effective. People who were not addicts or alcoholics also began to participate in this group experience in communication.

They too were seeking more meaningful interaction with others, a sense of community and purpose. They needed what the dope addicts needed, "social and spiritual activism, to fill their life up with meaning." They came to the Synanon group encounter "games" and hung around the many branches of the Synanon community which had flourished in California. Then five years ago the community opened its doors to non-addicts. It invited them to come and live in their large-scale commune, called them lifestyleys— and today of the 1800 people living in Synanon, 600 are lifestyleys and 1200 are past addicts.

Lifestyles

Many of the lifestyleys are professional—doctors, lawyers, architects. They work for Synanon, running its medical facilities, its businesses, designing its houses. Others work outside of Synanon bringing their incomes back to the community. One, a successful television writer named Barry Orringer, who spoke to Saturday night visitors about "Synanon as social revolution" turned out to have been an acquaintance from Zionist youth days where we both had preached and been preached to, about social revolution, but in a different context. I learned later that there were many Jews, both past addicts and lifestyleys, who are part of Synanon.

When we visited the Synanon in Oakland they were preparing for a new onslaught of 500 dope addicts, recruited for therapy from all over the country. Signs around the building reminded its inhabitants, "The Dope Fiends are Coming," and an effigy of a slinking, criminal-looking character greeted people at the ballroom-turned-dining room.

The derogatory image and appellation, I soon learned, was not accidental. Synanon approaches the addict as religion would a sinner. He is considered unenlightened and irresponsible. He is given manual clean-up chores to do and kept under a strict schedule. He is not allowed to go for a walk around the block without an older Synanon member accompanying him. He must also attend the Synanon "game" many times a week where he is redressed

and chastised for his attitudes—though the "game" does provide a place for the criticism on addicts and parolees who Synanon only six weeks ago was concerned about, else, and then added with a sometimes I wish I was jail."

Hits hard

Apparently the strictness can remain external to the addict while Synanon tries to make up of the person. In Synanon, American analytic coding has been thrown back to a self-reliant approach. "Self-Reliance" is a regular word from experience with Walter Byrd at the Methadone programme also told me. "It can't be allowed to pass to parents, society, etc. the way to kick the habit is responsibility."

Although Synanon is open to the newcomer, he is indoctrinated, that is, he is open-ended. There is no tableting to beat the addict. They are now doing the better, pushing him, as it were, to do his way up by his own responsible. Paradoxically, latter-day communists do not into practice the old "Prove yourself." Of course, in the individual and the community where one's personal relations and one's personal growth interchanges.

But Synanon is getting successful. There is an element to it. Will it have the same success as drug addicts now that it is impersonal place? Synanon claim that the group method they have used allow it to be impersonal. They are now methods being all the time, like the lifestyleys programme called "participation in running the operation."

One only hopes that the other attempts to communities succeed. For drug addiction is not, as claimed, the main problem of America, but rather a symptom. America, the drug have taught me, is a resentful, alienated people, a cohesive force that binds a group of disparate parts is disintegrating.

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THE SWEET SUCCESS OF SMELL

Judith Muller, creator of Bat-Sheba and Shalom perfumes, and who is about to launch an after-shave lotion, talks about creating and selling.

By Catherine Rosenheimer

BEHIND the growing Bat-Sheba perfume industry is a chic, well-ground, brown-eyed blonde, who possesses an unusual combination of creativity and commercial practicality. She divides her busy schedule between the demands of a beauty institute in Haifa and the production of a range of three perfumes and an after-shave lotion, from the manufacture of the scents themselves and the design of their bottles and packaging.

Judith Muller decided what she wanted to do at a very early age: she describes her earliest beauty training as "growing up surrounded by the traditions of a beauty-minded Hungarian family. At the age of six I remember my grandmother teaching me how to shade my eyebrows with a burnt-out match-stick. My mother, a ballet teacher, brought me up with the disciplines of mind and body." While still at high school, Judith started beauty-treatment studies at the institute of a leading Hungarian physician in Debrecen, and by the time I arrived in Israel, still a teen-ager, I had very definite ideas about what I wanted to do.

Perfumery, she has always felt, is the most exciting part of the cosmetics field. By the time she had finished her army service and gone to complete her studies in Paris, London, Zurich and Vienna, the idea of trying to revive the ancient biblical traditions of scents and perfumes was in the forefront of her mind. Between a picturesque dream and the reality of its execution, of course, came the acquiring of a great deal of specialized, even scientific, knowledge; endless experiments, trials and tests.

"When it came to practicalities, I found that although Israel might have a unique, ancient tradition of perfumery, there was no tradition whatsoever of bottling and packaging. Presentation was all-important, she felt, and she decided to copy the form of an ancient glass bottle. The first 20,000 bottles were made in a small workshop, each individually hand-painted, with ancient coins from the Israel Museum providing the inspiration for the bottle caps and the packaging design. Today the bottles are mass-produced by Phoenix, but each one is still hand-painted.

Rising exports

The first bottles of Bat-Sheba perfume were produced in 1965, and by the following year exports reached \$5,000. Today, perfume exports total \$250,000 a year, and the plant has an annual turnover of \$1.5m. Judith Muller describes the original Bat-Sheba scent as "exotic, heavy, deeply feminine, definitely sexy in mood." She later added a second type, called "woody modern" — this one fresher, younger, more vibrant.

"Although I had my own ideas about the perfume and its packaging, when it came to production and marketing, the reality was far harder to achieve. It took at least five years for the line to become profitable at all, but fortunately I have a very determined character. Despite all the initial problems, I think the first stages were the most exciting. Each time I encountered a small success, a little encouragement, it spurred me on to overcome the failures."

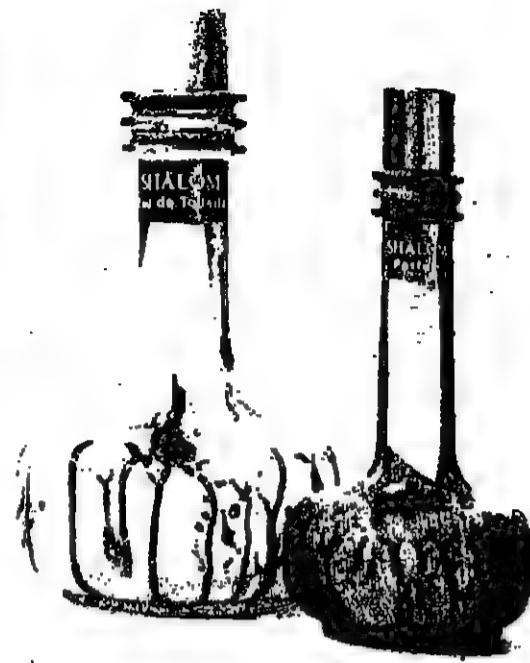
Judith Muller is the first to admit that although the perfume market is a large international perfume



Some of Mrs. Muller's designs in pure-silk scarves.



Judith Muller



The Shalom perfume bottles.

concerns all have their own established contribution networks through exclusive agents, making it especially hard for an outsider to break in at all.

"The main selling points are the quality and the image: attractive presentation is important, but if the other two aren't up to standard, you will have once-only sales with out any follow-up."

What about customer psychology when it comes to perfume buying? "To some extent perfume is a question of fashion — but customers tend to remain faithful for a much longer period. Choice of scent is more a question of one's way of life than of fashion; aromas are nostalgic, tied up with certain associations. I don't believe you can gauge the market for a certain perfume by any sort of statistics: it's a matter of personal taste, rather like different people liking different colours. Of course the male influence is important; most perfume is bought for women by men. If a woman buys some herself, she generally chooses cologne.

Nostalgia angle

"Incidentally, the nostalgia angle brought up a very sizeable order from a big U.S. customer — some time ago — he said that the Bat-Sheba aroma reminded him of his mother and his youth! — Mind you, if it hadn't been a good commercial proposition for him, his nostalgia wouldn't have persuaded him to give us that large follow up order!"

Having gained a great deal of experience in both production and the export market during the ups and downs of the first five years, Judith Muller set down to think about expanding her line. Last September she brought out a new scent — Shalom. Its presentation is in keeping with the now established image; the bottle is a fresher, lighter, younger one which she describes as a mixture of ancient and modern.

Very shortly, a male counterpart to Bat-Sheba is to be launched, an after-shave lotion called — of course — "King David." And catering for all the family, Judith Muller has devised 17-Plus, a very light, young one de toilette, packed in a jassy red and orange box; in a modern, clear-glass bottle designed to appeal to the teen-ager.

And that's not all — a beautiful range of pure silk scarves, silkcreams printed with swirly abstract and geometric patterns in brilliant colours like emerald and turquoise have a very determined character. Judith Muller is now dreaming about developing a full range of cosmetics on sale only to customers at her beauty institute — and, if the Bat-Sheba story repeats itself, there seems no reason why this dream should not also become reality.



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IS WORK SPOILING THE SOVIET WOMAN?



Soviet women laboratory workers conduct tests at the Belas auto works.



A draughtswoman at work in a Moscow design institute.

MOSCOW (UPI). — Soviet women into production, negative consequences have accompanied the positive ones: worsened physical and psychological conditions, lowered general tone of conjugal and family life, restriction of social and cultural activities. Society bears great economic and social losses since women can manifest themselves neither completely in production nor in their family roles.

Soviet men leave most of the house-keeping chores to women. One official survey said men spend one hour and 15 minutes daily on household-related matters compared to four hours and 20 minutes for women. It said the average Moscow woman spends a minimum of 50 per cent of her off-job time shopping for groceries and cooking.



Russian secretaries sit on backless stools, but work with the latest office equipment.

(Camera Press photos)

Although the Soviet woman is more liberated than her Western sisters in the rubles and kopecks department, the Soviet man remains czar of the house. The corridors of executive power are still an almost exclusively male preserve.

Soviet women drive tractors, shovel snow, haft garbage cans, perform heart-surgery, pilot commercial jetliners.

Officially, equality and a devastating toll of male life during World War Two gave Soviet women working parity unrivaled in the West. The Soviet Constitution assures women and men equal pay for the same job.

Almost 46 million Soviet women work — half the nation's labour force. Women outnumber men by 66 million in a population of 246 million.

Official figures say Soviet women make up 72 per cent of the doctors, 68 per cent of the teachers, 88 per cent of the diploma-holding specialists, 89 per cent of the scientific workers, 35 per cent of the lawyers and 82 per cent of the judges.

Leadership jobs

"Although they make up one-half of the industrial labour force contingent, women are employed as supervisors, shop chiefs and in comparable leadership positions one-sixth to one-seventh as frequently as men," the newspaper "Komsomolskaya Pravda" said.

Women members constitute 31 per cent of the rubber-stamp Supreme Soviet (Parliament) but there is only one woman among 95 men on the powerful Council of Ministers and none on the ruling Communist Party Politburo.

Although three of every four doctors is a woman, men make up 80 per cent of all chief physicians and executives of medical institutions.

No woman has held a top executive post in the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

Soviet sociologists say most Soviet women work as a matter of material need rather than because they want a career. They suggest the "double burden" of work and housework helps keep down the Soviet birth rate, which fell from 34.9 per thousand in 1960 to 17 per thousand in 1970.

A 1969 survey of Leningrad working women by sociologists A. G. Khanchey and E. G. Golod concluded:

"As a result of women's entry



The most preferred product 1972

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BLOODSHOT BLUES

AFTER peering anxiously into one of my own eyes with the aid of a magnifying mirror and after my daughter and the veterinary surgeon next door have failed to find the source of irritation—and I reckon that if he can find a mote in a cow's eye he should be able to spot one in mine—it is clear that it is something other than the bloodshot look and sinister leer of an eighteenth century harridan.

This supposition is eventually confirmed by the doctor to whom I go, naturally, as a last resort, having canvassed the viewpoints of all the neighbours whose opinions range from eyestrain to an incipient squint caused by not enough sleep, too much sleep, draughts, lack of fresh air, not enough salt in the diet or too much, reading in a poor light, reading in too bright a light, the use, and non-use of sunglasses and a psychosomatic reluctance to do any mending.

Remedies, freely offered, include hot and cold compresses, distilled water, lukewarm tea (externally applied), olive oil, and some anti-biotic drops left over from the last illness of one of our younger acquaintances. I point out dubiously that these are prescribed for ears, but his mother says firmly that they are all the same and she used them with great success on the second child who had some trouble not unlike mine. It was a pity to waste it, she says, as it was already in the house and as it cured him I may as well finish up the drops and see if it will be similarly beneficial to me.

Off-target

There is a problem I find, coming home with the recommended medicine, in dropping the liquid into my own eyes—and my attempts to put the drops in encounter all sorts of unexpected difficulties. Oddly enough, though I know perfectly well where my eyes are, I tend to miss the target altogether and bathe either my hairline or my nose. The squeeze too, is not easy to regulate. A gentle pressure produces nothing, while a too vigorous one brings forth a sticky stream. Holding the glass above my head with one hand while manipulating the plastic bottle with the other means I automatically close my eyes at the crucial moment and the drops roll into my ears. If I hold my eyelids open without looking there is a great danger of poking myself in the eye and causing complications which will require more elaborate treatment. Finally, by lying on the floor, with the looking glass suspended rather precariously between two chairs, I would have been able to co-ordinate all requirements at once if not for the sudden entry of a neighbour who, in search of two eggs, disturbs the delicate balance of my arrangements and brings the mirror crashing down onto my head.

Not unaturally she inquires what I am doing and then kindly offers me a hand. The responsibility obviously weighs heavily on her and she breathes gustily over me and adjures me not to cry or be afraid. She has a vast experience in this field, as many of her closest friends and relatives suffered in this way, but if, as she relates, all these cases

ended in disaster, her assistance could not have been of much value. Of the two of us, it appears she is the more frightened and as I open my mouth to tell her so, she directs the nozzle of the dropper right into it, a situation entirely of my own making, she indicates, as if I hadn't made such strange faces her hand would not have trembled and

if I had kept my mouth closed it would not now be full of this nauseating liquid. I mention mildly that this stuff is labelled "poisonous" and not intended to be taken internally, but she tells me not to worry. Even if it were for real I should have to drink vast quantities before it had any adverse effect, but she amends cheerfully, we shall

have to wait and see. Other people are very obliging too. A nursing friend who pops in for a cup of tea holds my head as in a vice. The dentist over the way has a firm no-nonsense approach and the teacher near her only a light tremor which sends a trickle down to my chin. Best of all is my daughter who not only sees this as a privilege but helps in a couple of pals to see how the tables are turned. I compliment her on her admirable coolness and she patch and she says it's easy doing it for me as I am so co-operative in keeping still and steady. I compare very, very favourably, she is kind enough to tell me, with the last patient she attended, our dog

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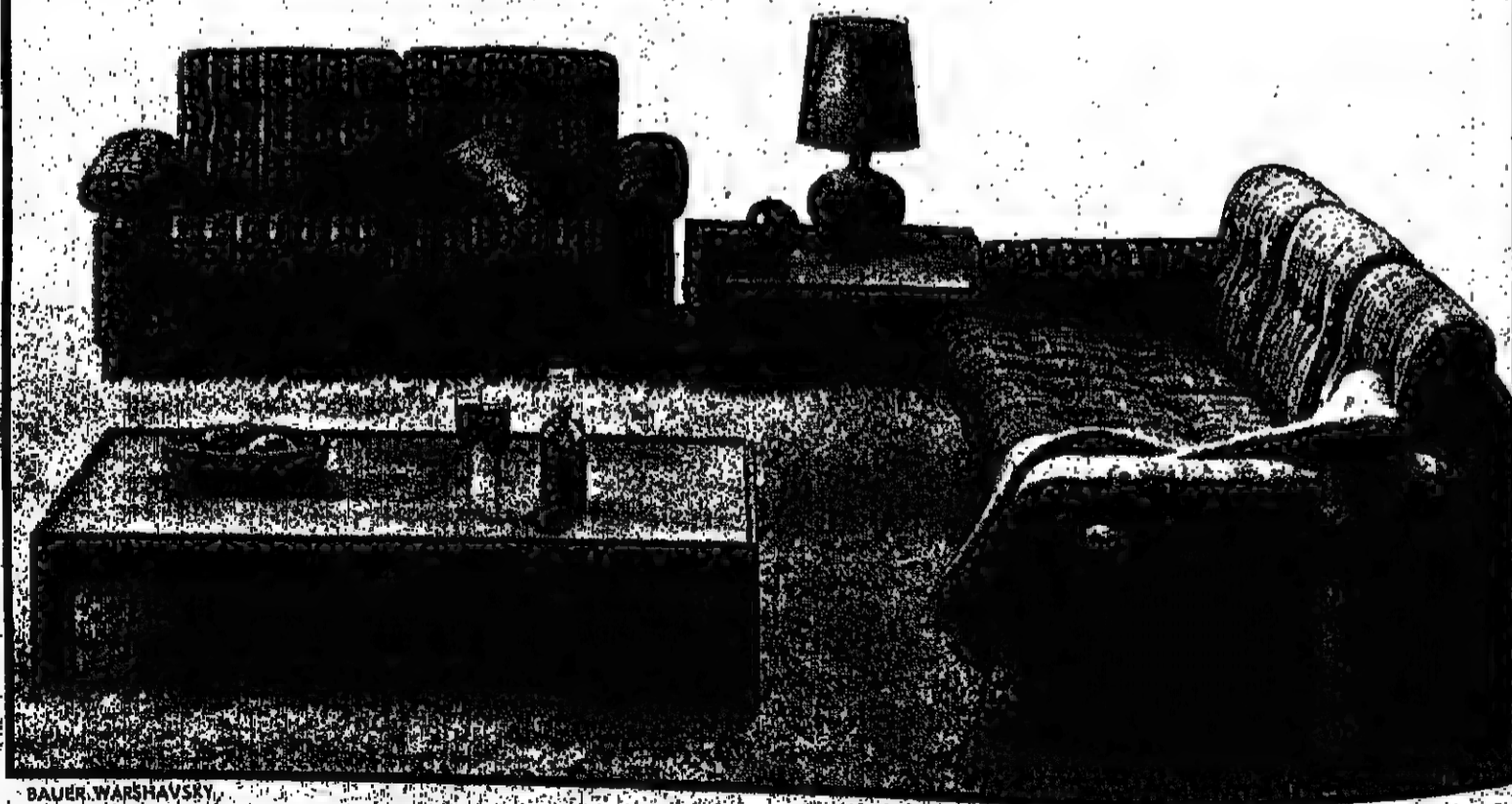
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Death of a lovely play

STEMPENTU by Shalom Aleichem, translated by Ya'acov Shabtai, at Habimah.

I CAME out sad from the Habimah premiere of "Stempentiu," mourning not the heroine lying dead at the bottom of the cold, cold river (I could hardly have been less interested in her or her fate) but the death of a beautiful play. Shmuel Bunim's production is evidently aimed at a generation which believes that Shalom Aleichem is the fellow who wrote "Fiddler on the Roof," which, however much it vulgarizes the original, is at least a fine piece of stagecraft in its own right. What Bunim has given us here is a cheap, moribund version of a beautiful, bitter-sweet melodrama, a misguided, poor man's "Fiddler," without the dances, the tunes, the cleverly contrived scenes which have made the musical so universally popular on stage and screen.

The Stempentiu of the title is a handsome, dashing rascal, a *Kiesmer* who makes the girls swoon when he plays the fiddle at weddings, and awakens longings for a life different from that his listeners lead in the stifling, crippling atmosphere of the ghetto. Shalom Aleichem's loving hand here drew a fascinating gallery of characters, paupers, rich men, vagabonds, bitchy wives, lovely young girls, as a background for the star-crossed romance between Stempentiu and the beautiful Rochelle, who is married to a dull Talmud student. In the Bunim production, the characters become paper dolls miming across the stage in stylised poses, exhibiting less life than the figures in the Chagall paintings projected in the background. This patronising attitude towards the play and its



Shmulk Segal, Nissim Azikri and Rafael Klachkin in a scene from Habimah's production of "Stempentiu," by Shalom Aleichem.

characters might be forgiven had it worked in stage terms, that it does not.

Bunim's "Stempentiu" is rather like a puppet play, there is no real acting in the show. Nissim Azikri in the title role goes through the motions without creating a character; Levana Finkelstein as the girl he loves is grossly miscast and knows it; Raphael Klachkin as the *badchan* (jester) tries

unsuccessfully to be Klachkin; Shmulk Segal as another *Kiesmer* uses his customary little tricks which occasionally get a laugh; and so on down the line.

Arle Navon has equipped the stage with pieces of farces and furniture against the Chagall projections. Dov Seltzer's tunes played backstage occasionally relieve the tedium.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Very loud,
Very foolish

BESACHKE Bursteln, a stalwart of the American Yiddish theatre that was, celebrated his fifty years of stage appearances with a mammoth show presided over by his son Mike, and with the conspicuous participation of his wife Lillian. Born trouper, the three managed to turn the event, attended by a huge crowd in the Mann Auditorium, into an intimate family affair.

The first part of the evening consisted of a performance of the "Megillah," the show which made the Burstelns famous beyond the small circle of Yiddish theatre devotees. The *Megillah*—for those who were not here seven years ago—was a show based on the ballads of the Yiddish poet Itzik Manger on subjects from the Book of Esther, adapted for the stage by director Shmuel Bunim with the generous help of Composer Dov Seltzer, to become a delightful, tongue-

in-cheek Purimspiel. The "Megillah" attracted viewers who had never before thought of seeing a Yiddish show, and it became a fabulous success. The abbreviated version performed at the jubilee, with the original cast consisting of the three Burstelns plus Zeha Gold, Perla Magor and Ariel Furman, proved that the show is still fresh. I understand that plans are afoot to revive it on a regular basis. This is good news.

The second part of the evening consisted of appearances by guest performers (Yaffa Yarkoni, Nechama Lipnitz, Shmulk Segal, Raphael Klachkin and to an appearance by the hero of the jubilee himself, alone and with members of his family. A past master of frank, unabashed corn, Mr. Bursteln sang, whistled, hoofed with all the skill acquired over half a century on the stage and with zest and energy belying those years. *His hundert und swanzig* (111 120).

THE BILLYBUTTON by Hatouli, directed by Yossi Bana, presented by A. Deshe.

The Billybutton (Hakurkuvan) is a very fast-moving, very loud, very foolish comedy written by someone hiding behind the name Hatouli, directed by Yossi Bana, who bravely allows his name to appear on the posters. The show is built around the personality of Uri Zohar, a comedian who believes that his very presence on the stage gives the audience their money's worth.

His conceit evidently pays off for the show has been running for months, and the hall was full on the evening I finally made up my mind to go and see it.

I shall not attempt to report here on what I saw on the stage, because it really doesn't matter, and also because I left as soon as the first part was over.

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ORLY Tel. 226205 2nd week

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Haifa Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, April 15, at 7.00 p.m. & 9.30 p.m. Matinees at 4.00 p.m.

ORON Tel. 664018 4th week

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ORON Tel. 664018 4th week

English

TAKE TWO (Little English Theatre) - Two plays, a fantasy and a farce...

Pop

Night Clubs

Music

Jerusalem

Kiryat Shmoneh

Opera

Dance

At the Cinema

Jerusalem

Tel Aviv

Haifa

Kiryat Bialik

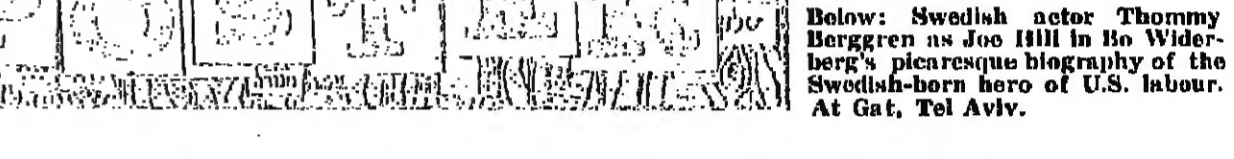
Haifa

Haifa

Haifa



Above: Juliette Christie and Dominic Guard in Joseph Losoff's 'The Go-Between'...



Below: Swedish actor Thommy Berggren as Joe Hill in 'Ho Widenberg's picaresque biography of the Swedish-born hero of U.S. labour'...



Joe Hill - Picaresque biography of the Swedish-born hero of the early labor movement in the U.S.A. directed by Ho Widenberg...

THE FRENCH CONNECTION - Winner of 'Best Picture' Academy Award...

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER - Sean Connery in back again with his now classic portrayal of James Bond...

AFRICA ADDIO - Documentary which takes viewer on a tour throughout Africa with emphasis on sensational aspects...

TEL AVIV I LOVE YOU ROSE - Now Israeli film written and directed by Eyal Mizrahi...

FORUM & TALKS JERUSALEM THEATRE - Guided tour of new Jerusalem Theatre building...

WAR AND PEACE - Sergei Bondaruk's monumental film which takes seven hours in entirety...